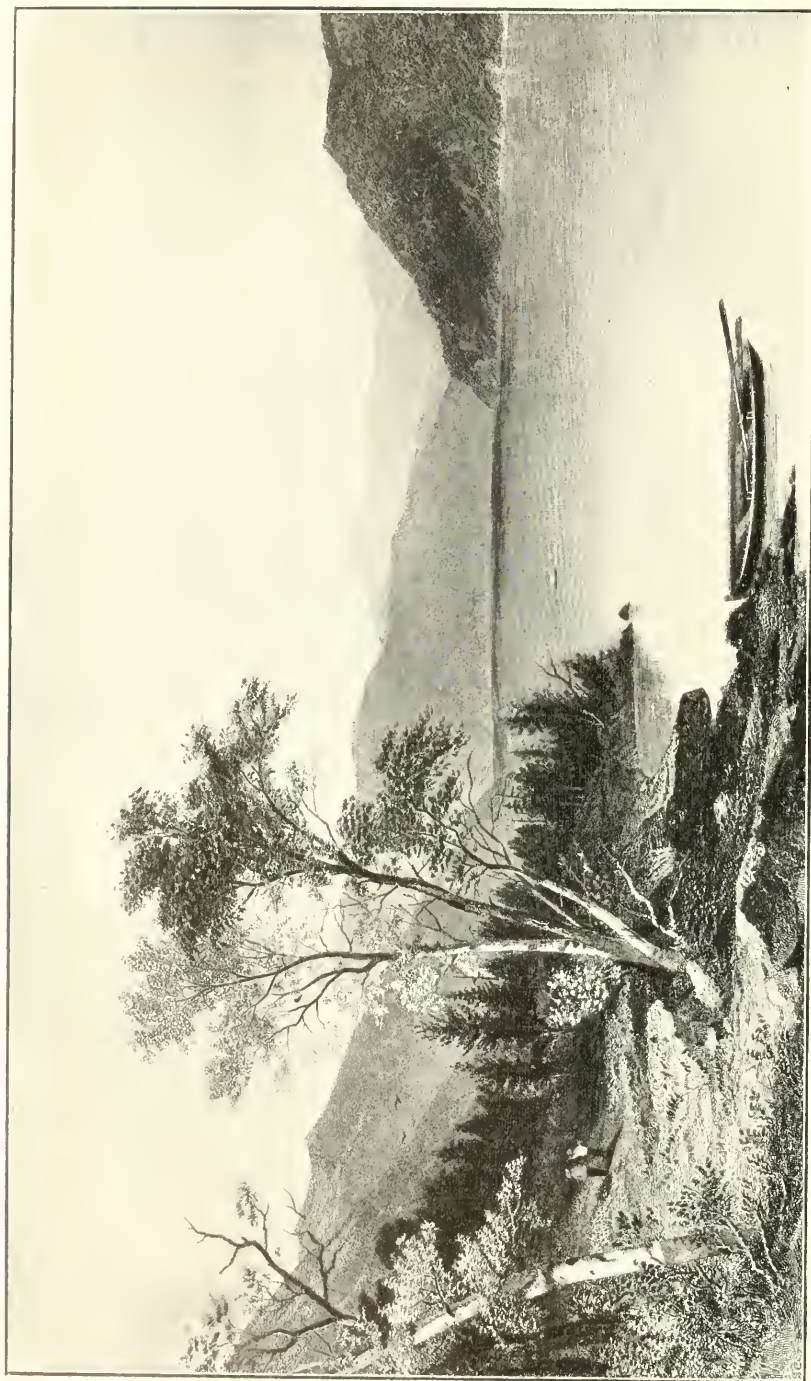


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LAKE OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

Isaac Jogues

S. J.

Discoverer of Lake George

By

T. J. Campbell, S. J.

New York

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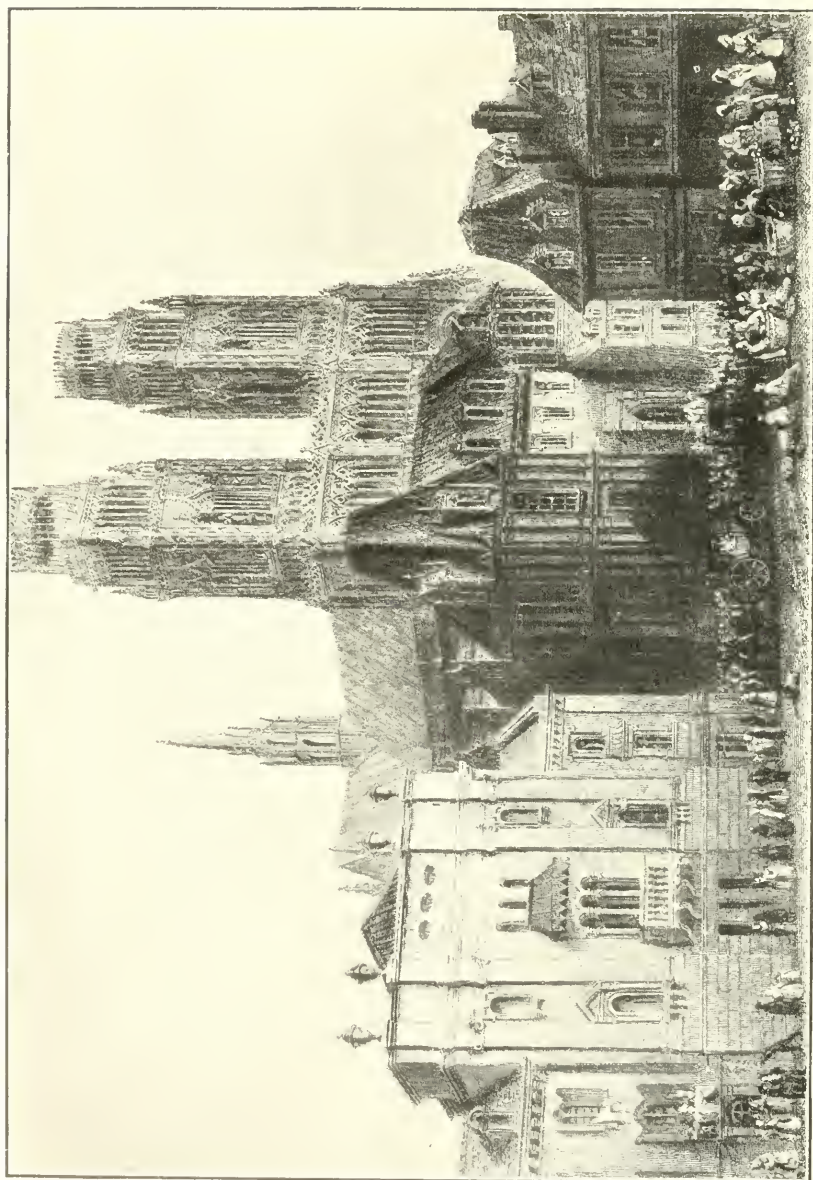
JOHN M. FARLEY,
Archbishop of New York.

PREFACE.

In connection with the movement inaugurated by the New York State Historical Society to erect a memorial in honor of the discoverer of Lake George, Father Isaac Jogues, it has been deemed advisable to reprint the brief notice of his life which has already appeared as one of the monographs of the "Pioneer Priests of North America." It is here presented with some emendations and additions. Very probably, also, it will be of service to the pilgrims who, during the summer, journey to the scene of his death at Auriesville on the Mohawk.

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ORLEANS

CHAPTER I

ON LAKE HURON

The first missionary who entered New York arrived drenched in his own blood. He had traversed Lake Champlain and Lake George, and was going to be burned to death at Ossernenon, on the Mohawk, the place now known as Auriesville, forty miles west of Albany. He was Isaac Jogues, then about thirty-six years of age.

With Protestant historians Jogues is an especial favorite; Parkman, among others, being very emphatic in his praise. Catholics, of course, admire him, and it is said that Gilmary Shea's manuscript of the *Life of Jogues* was stained with the author's tears. Jogues' gentle, almost shrinking, but nevertheless heroic nature is in striking contrast with the bold, aggressive and martial character of his friend and associate, de Brébeuf. Perhaps that is why he appeals so strongly to ordinary people.

He was born at Orleans, France, January 10, 1607. The cathedral of the city is dedicated to the Holy Cross, which may explain Jogues' repeated description of himself as a "citizen of the Holy Cross." He was baptized in the church of St. Hilary, and received the curious name of Isaac, for it was then the fashion among the French Catholics to imitate their Protestant neighbors in adopting names from the Old Testament. Thus Isaac, Samuel, Joshua, David, and even Shadrach, appear frequently on the registers of those days. There is such a Calvinistic ring in it all that one Canadian historian will have it that Champlain was not originally a Catholic because his name was Samuel. But the inference is not correct.

The family of Jogues still resides at Orleans. They were known as Jogues de Guédreville well on into the eighteenth century, but that designation is no longer used, and they are

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called de Dreuzy. It will be of interest to Americans to know that in the course of time one of the family became an intimate friend of Benjamin Franklin, who was then in France as Ambassador of the Colonies. It was probably at Franklin's suggestion that he attempted an establishment on the banks of the Ohio. The scheme failed, however, and he returned home. Had he directed his energies to the banks of the Mohawk, which his distinguished relative has made so famous, perhaps his efforts would have been blessed with success. The present Vicomtesse de Dreuzy is a German-American, born in New York. Her father also was a native of the city, but her mother was from Bogota. The maiden name of the Vicomtesse is de Lüttgen.

Another coincidence is that their house faces the church of Notre Dame de Recouvrance. This was the title given by Champlain to the church erected in Quebec after "recovering" Canada. Under the sanctuary of Notre Dame de Recouvrance, in Orleans, repose the remains of the family of Jogues de Guédreville, some of whom were eminent in their native city.

The courtesy of the distinguished Curator of the Musée Historique d'Orléans puts at our disposal the family crest, whose peculiar quarterings it will be hard for our democracy to interpret. It consists of two stags' heads *regardants avec cols arrachés*, with a silver lake below, on which a water fowl is floating, while in the center rises a rock, from which gushes a fountain. The Jogues de Guédreville were of noble blood.

Jogues' first schooling was at Rouen, but at seventeen he entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Paris. Shea says it was at Rouen, and Rouvier, in his *Apôtre Esclave*, agrees with him, while Rochemonteix pronounces for Paris. Perhaps he was in both. They all concur, however, in giving him the famous Louis Lalemant, the author of the well known *Doctrine Spirituelle*, as novice master. This Lalemant was not, however, as is commonly supposed, the brother of the

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two great Canadian missionaries, Charles and Jerome, and consequently he was not the uncle of Gabriel, who died at the stake, side by side with de Brébeuf.

Of course, Father Louis Lalemant was intensely interested in the American missions, and doubtless that was the reason why, when the young novice was asked what he was seeking by entering the Society, and replied, "Ethiopia and martyrdom," Lalemant said, "Not so, my child. You will die in Canada." It turned out to be true, but there is no need of regarding the utterance as a prophecy.

When his studies and teaching were over, he embarked for Quebec, and after two stormy months on the ocean he set foot on the shores of the New World, October 2, 1636. He was then twenty-nine years of age. On the vessel with him was Champlain's successor, the great Montmagny, whom the Indians called Onontio—a translation of the name Montmagny, or High Mountain. This title was given to all subsequent rulers of Canada.

Fortunately we have the first letter that Jogues sent home. It was to his "Honored Mother," as he called her, in the dignified fashion of those days, and was written immediately after his first Mass in America. He had been looking at the vast river, the like of which he had never seen before. He had already met the painted red men, at whose hands he might expect death at any moment. Nevertheless he wrote: "Honored Mother: I do not know what it is to enter heaven, but this I know—that it is difficult to experience in this world a joy more excessive and more overflowing than I felt on setting foot in the New World, and celebrating my first Mass on the day of the Visitation. I felt as if it were Christmas Day for me, and that I was to be born again to a new life and a life in God."

A glimpse of the future was afforded him two or three weeks later, when he was standing on the bank of the St. Lawrence, near the stockade which in course of time has grown into the city of Three Rivers. Down the stream was

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coming a flotilla of canoes, in the first of which stood Father Daniel, barefooted and bareheaded, his cassock in rags, and his breviary suspended by a string around his neck, and, though haggard and extenuated by hunger and fatigue, plying his paddle as vigorously as any redskin. Thirteen years after that Daniel fell, pierced with arrows, and his body was flung into the blazing ruins of his little chapel. But the light-hearted hero cared little what fate was in store for him, as he sprang ashore, on that October morning, to embrace the new soldier who was going to the battlefield to fight for God.

Daniel was to remain in Quebec for a short time, but the Hurons would not return to their home without a priest. So Jogues took his place in the canoe and set out for Lake Huron. A glance at the map will show what that means, but a detailed description by Bressani, who made the same journey ten years later, will help us to better appreciate its hardships.

"The distance," he says, "is more than 900 miles over dangerous rivers and great lakes, whose storms are like those of the ocean, especially on one, which is 1200 miles in circumference. The greatest danger, however, is on the rivers. I say 'rivers' because there are several, and we can only follow the St. Lawrence for 400 miles. After that we have to make our way over other lakes and streams which we reach by skirting rapids and precipices until we finally arrive at the great Lake Huron, which is known as the 'Fresh Water Sea.'

"On our journey we meet with about sixty cascades, some of them falling from a great height. To get around them we have to carry our boats and provisions and luggage, or at times drag our canoes through the rapids for four, eight, or ten miles; a labor which is attended with great peril, for often the water is up to our waists or necks, and is very cold, and if we are caught in the current we are in danger of being swept away and lost. But it is commonly to be preferred to the portage, which means making our way in our bare feet through dense forests, or through pools and marshes, where we have to wade, helping ourselves perhaps by a fallen tree which may serve as a bridge.

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but which is often as dangerous and disagreeable as the water and mud. Swarms of insects follow us, and there is also constant danger of dying from starvation. For on these journeys the provisions, which are nothing but corn, have to serve for going and returning, and to lighten the load a portion is often concealed in the woods, to be used on the return trip, but these stores are frequently discovered by other Indians, or dug up by the bears, or rotted by the rain and dampness. In any of these events we have nothing to do but to fast, and paddle away until by hunting or fishing we obtain some relief. If the journey is made late in the year there is a likelihood of finding the rivers and lakes frozen, and then there is danger of dying of hunger and cold; or, if we escape that, we may have to spend six months in the woods, hunting to live rather than journeying to reach the desired country. Arriving there, other difficulties await us."

He says nothing of the lurking Iroquois all along the route, from whom a horrible death could be expected at each step of the journey.

Such was Jogues' first experience of missionary life. Living on Indian corn and water, sleeping on rocks and in the woods, paddling day after day against a rapid current, dragging heavy burdens over the long portages, a part of the time with a sick boy on his shoulders, were not things he had been brought up to, but he survived them all, and with a light heart staggered through the triple stockade of the Indian town of Ihonitiria, and fell into the arms of de Brébeuf and his companions, whose delight was the greater as his coming was unexpected.

We have no means of identifying this lad whom Father Jogues carried through the forests, and whose life he probably saved. He may have been an Indian, but it is just possible that he was no other than young Jean Amiot, who grew up to be a great favorite of the Hurons, and a famous fighter against their hereditary foes, the Iroquois. The reason of this supposition is that shortly after Jogues' arrival in Huronia we find on the list of servants of the mission the

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name "Jean Amiot, boy." Of his family we know nothing, but it is a characteristic feature of those heroic days that a mere boy should be willing to go so far into the wilderness with the missionaries, where his life was in such constant danger.

Quite unexpectedly Amiot appears again in connection with Jogues eleven years later. On September 17th, 1647, viz., eleven months after Jogues' death, he came down from Three Rivers to Quebec with an Iroquois warrior, whom he had captured in battle. It turned out that his prisoner was the very man who had murdered the missionary. Other Indians recognized him, and he admitted the crime. The culprit was put to death, but before being led to execution was baptized, and was given the name of his victim, Isaac. The record of this baptism is signed by Druillettes, who had been sent down to New England at the same time that Jogues started on the fatal journey to the Mohawk.

After the execution of the Iroquois, Amiot returned to Three Rivers, but that same year he and his friend François Marguerie were drowned in the St. Lawrence. The entire colony lamented the untimely death of these two young men, whose stainless reputations had won for them the affection and esteem of white men and Indians alike.

But to return to Jogues. His cheerful appearance on arriving at the Huron Mission was only assumed. In a few days he was down with a fever, which the others caught from him, and the bark cabin became a hospital; a wretched one indeed, for they had only mats for beds, and a decoction of roots for their whole supply of drugs. Moreover, the cold of November was upon them and there was nothing to eat. Le Mercier writes: "We had a hen which gave us an egg, but not every day. We used to watch for the egg and then debate as to who should *refuse it*." It was a poor outlook for Father Jogues, and his condition soon became alarming. He was bleeding profusely from the nostrils and the blood could not be staunched. It may go against mod-

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ern practice, but the *Relations* tell us "hence we decided to bleed him. The great question was where to find a surgeon. *We were all so skilful in this trade that the patient did not know who should open the vein for him, and every one of us was waiting for the benediction of the Father Superior to take the lance and do the work.*" Ordinary people would like to have better medical assurance than a benediction. So Father Jogues, whose whole surgical experience consisted in "having bled a savage very successfully on the way up," took the lance and did it himself, furnishing thus a fair sample of the cool courage he had at command. The *Relations* very naïvely say in referring to the "savage who was bled successfully" that "what was wanting in skill was supplied by charity."

When the missionaries recovered, a pestilence broke out among the people, and hundreds of them died. The medicine men tried to conjure it away, and when the wild and indecent orgies which they ordered were ineffectual, they blamed the pestilence and their own failure on the missionaries and clamored for their death.

It was on this occasion that, fully expecting to be murdered, the little band of priests assembled at Ossossané. De Brébeuf had come over from Ihonitiria, and he boldly walked into the wigwam where the sachems were deliberating about when and how to kill him and his associates. He remonstrated, and pleaded, and explained, but he was listened to in gloomy silence, until at last, amid muttered threats of vengeance, the little group of condemned men withdrew to Ragueneau's hut, where, under the light of a torch, they wrote a letter of farewell to their friends at Quebec. They were about to be put to death, they said, and their only sorrow was that they had not been able to suffer more for the Faith. Jogues was not actually present at this meeting, for he was unable to leave his little mission of Tenaustaye, which was then the most unfriendly of all the Huron villages, and where, as well as at Ossossané, he

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might be tomahawked at any moment. But his name was appended to the document, for he expected to be put to death like the rest. The letter was given to a faithful Indian, who brought it to its destination. For one reason or another the savages did not carry out their threat, but every hour was filled with terror. "The missionaries," says Parkman, "were like men who trod on the lava-crust of a volcano palpitating with the throes of a coming eruption, while the molten death beneath their feet gleamed white hot from a thousand crevices." Finally the plague ceased, but out of fickleness or hatred for the place, Ihonitiria was abandoned by the Indians, and the Fathers established the mission of Ste. Marie, which became the center of all their work for many years, and the one for which they always manifested the greatest attachment. Parkman regrets that the Jesuits wrote so little about it.

If you take the train at Toronto and travel north through the forests, which are still dense enough to attract the hunter, but which the lumbermen are rapidly clearing, you arrive at Lake Simcoe, from the northern end of which flows the little River Wye into Georgian Bay, which is the eastern portion of Lake Huron. On that river was built the new mission. It was fortified, because it was intended to be a place of refuge for fugitive Indians, a storehouse for provisions, and a home where the missionaries could come from the forests and lakes to restore their courage by meditation and prayer.

A branch of the Grand Trunk which runs north to Midland and Penetanguishene brings you within a few hundred feet of that once famous establishment. You can still trace the lines of the walls, which are laid in hydraulic cement, and are said to be a puzzle to engineers, for there is no cement in the neighborhood, and it could not have been brought a thousand miles from Quebec. At the four corners are bastions, and around it is a moat now filled with rubbish,

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which when in use afforded easy access for boats from the river and lake.

Father Martin, the famous Rector of St. Mary's College of Montreal, who has done more than anyone else to revive the memory of those old heroes of the seventeenth century, and who inspired Gilmary Shea to carry on the work, visited Ste. Marie in 1859. He was accredited by the Canadian Government to make the investigations.

"Without difficulty," he says, "we found the ruins of Fort Ste. Marie. Its walls, in good masonry, rose a metre above the ground. It was in the form of a long parallelogram, with bastions at the angles, and in spite of some peculiarities, of which at the present day it is difficult to understand the reason, one recognizes in the construction an acquaintance with military engineering carried out with great care. The curtains on the west and north are complete, but there are no traces of them on the south and east. Probably solid palisades which were subsequently destroyed by fire were placed there. There was no attack to be feared on that quarter; besides, on those two sides there is a deep ditch which protects the enclosure. The south one extends to the river and so formed a shelter for the canoes. It widens out into basins at three places. Along this ditch on the south is a vast field, protected on the side facing the country by a redan, whose earth parapet is still distinguishable. In that field were the wigwams of the visiting Indians, the hospital, and guest-house. At the side of the southeast bastion was a square construction with a very thick wall, doubtless intended as the basis of a future observation tower. We opened a trench on the inside angle of the northeast bastion, and at the depth of 60 c. found portions of a burned plank, large nails, pieces of copper and the bones of beavers. The interior constructions were all in wood, which explains how nothing is left except a chimney in ruins."

Of course the missionaries were not cooped up in the fort. The soil around was carefully cultivated and produced an abundant harvest. There was such an amount of maize in 1649 that the Superior thought they had a supply that would last for three years. They kept fowl and swine and

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cattle, and the wonder is how the animals were transported to that distant place. It was a god-send for the poor, starving Indians, and at times three or four thousand of them were within the walls of Ste. Marie. No doubt, while being fed and cared for, they wondered at the unexplainable charity that prompted it all. But it was not only in famine times that they were harbored. On every alternate Saturday they came in crowds from the farthest villages, and during Saturday, Sunday and a part of Monday they were bounteously feasted, and of course instructed and made to feel the influence of the solemn religious rites performed in the great church, which, for the Indians, was a marvel of beauty, but, as Ragueneau deprecatingly wrote, "very poor for the rest of us." Nothing is now left of all this but the stones of the foundation, which for historical, if not for religious, motives ought to be made a public monument.

To this central mission the Fathers all came for their conferences and annual retreats, and possibly it might be of interest to quote the well-known passage of Parkman, even if it is colored somewhat by his poetry and lack of spiritual appreciation. It is found in his *Jesuits in North America*.

"Hither," he says, "while the Fathers are gathered from their scattered stations at one of their periodical meetings, let us, too, repair and join them. We enter at the eastern gate of the fortification, midway in the wall between its northern and southern bastions, and pass to the hall, where at a rude table, spread with ruder fare, all the household are assembled—laborers, domestics, soldiers, priests.

"It was a scene that might recall a remote half feudal, half patriarchal age, when under the smoky rafters of his antique hall some warlike thane sat, with kinsmen and dependents, ranged down the long board, each in his degree. Here doubtless Ragueneau, the Father Superior, held the place of honor; and for chieftains, scarred with Danish battle-axes, was seen a band of thoughtful men clad in threadbare garb of black, their brows swarthy from exposure, yet marked with the lines of intellect and a fixed enthusiasm of purpose. Here was Bressani, scarred with firebrand and

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knife; Chabanel, once a professor of rhetoric in France, now a missionary bound by a self-imposed vow to a life from which his nature recoiled; the fanatical Chaumonot, whose character savored of his peasant birth—for the grossest fungus of superstition that ever grew under the shadow of Rome was not too much for his omnivorous credulity, and mysteries and miracles were his daily food; yet, such as his faith was, he was ready to die for it. Garnier, beardless like a woman, was of a far finer nature. His religion was of the affections and the sentiments; and his imagination, warmed with the ardor of his faith, shaped the ideal form of his worship into visible realities. Brébeuf sat conspicuous among his brethren, portly and tall, his short moustache and beard grizzled—for he was fifty-six years old. If he seemed impassive it was because one overmastering principle had merged and absorbed all the impulses of his nature and all the faculties of his mind. The enthusiasm which with many is fitful was with him the current of his life—solemn and deep as the tide of destiny. The Divine Trinity, the Virgin, the Saints, Heaven and Hell, Angels and Fiends—to him these alone were real, all else were naught. Gabriel Lalemant, nephew of Jerome Lalemant, Superior at Quebec, was Brébeuf's colleague at the mission of St. Ignace. His slender frame and delicate features gave him an appearance of youth, though he had reached middle life; and, as in the case of Garnier, the fervor of his mind sustained him through exertions of which he seemed physically incapable.

"Of the rest of that company little has come down to us but the bare record of their missionary toils; and we may ask in vain what youthful enthusiasm, what broken hope or faded dream, turned the current of their lives, and sent them from the heart of civilization to the savage outpost of the world. No element was wanting in them for the achievement of such a success as that to which they aspired—neither the transcendental zeal, nor a matchless discipline, nor a practical sagacity very seldom surpassed in the pursuits where men strive for wealth and place, and if they were destined to disappointment, *it was the result of external causes*, against which no power of theirs could have insured them."

Barring the malignant characterization of Chaumonot, which is like a shot from an ambush, as well as the nonsense

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about disappointed hopes and faded dreams, the picture is vivid enough to be quoted. We regret that the figure of Joggles does not appear in that "half-feudal, half-patriarchal group"; especially as it was his "practical sagacity very seldom surpassed in the pursuits where men strive for wealth and place" that prompted his superiors to appoint him to superintend the construction of those very works which Parkman so much admires.

That he was the chief builder of Ste. Marie dispels the common impression about his being little else than a religious enthusiast eagerly seeking death. On the contrary, he was the most practical of all the missionaries. Whatever he undertook he scrutinized carefully in all its bearings; its difficulties were weighed; its dangers estimated; but "once the word 'go' was given," wrote his Superior, "then neither man nor devil could stop him."

His first apostolic work away from Ste. Marie was among the Petuns or Tobacco nation; a name which indicates the occupation of that tribe. With him was Garnier, who some years later was to die under the blow of a tomahawk when, after being riddled with bullets, he was crawling on the ground to absolve a dying Huron. Garnier and Joggles had been consecrated priests together at the same altar in France a few years before.

Holy as they were, their efforts failed. Abandoned by their guides, they had to make their beds in the snow; were driven out of the wigwams in the dead of night; and were followed by excited Indians with threats and imprecations from village to village. They did nothing at all but baptize one poor old squaw. But possibly her prayers were powerful with God, for the next year Garnier returned and established a prosperous mission among his hard-hearted Petuns.

Meantime a number of Ojibways or Chippewas had come down from Lake Superior to take part in the great decennial feast of the dead with their friends the Hurons. Astonished at what they saw, they asked for a mission in

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their own country, and Jogues and Raymbault were assigned to the work. They stepped into their little bark canoe on September 17, 1641, and paddled for weeks along the eastern shore of Georgian Bay, and then across the upper reaches of Lake Huron and finally arrived after many dangers and hardships at the place which is now a great center of commerce, Sault Ste. Marie. The missionaries gave it that name.

You say to the dwellers in those regions: "That must have been a journey of two or three hundred miles," and they smile at your simplicity and answer: "more like a thousand because of the way a canoe has to travel. A shell like that can never make a cut across the open."

They reached their destination, and it is a distinction worth noting that they were the first white men to stand on the shores of Lake Superior; for though Nicolet had been in those parts before them, yet it is more than likely that he went down through the Straits of Mackinac and explored Lake Michigan, while they kept on to the north and west. It is commonly asserted, indeed, that Nicolet really visited Sault Ste. Marie, but the claim does not appear to be sustained by documentary evidence.

At the Sault they met two thousand Indians, whom Jogues addressed in their own language, assuring them that after reporting to his Superior he would establish a mission there. "Then," he added, "after instructing you we shall go thither," and he erected a cross which faced the country of the Sioux, who were settled about the headwaters of the Mississippi. That was thirty years before Marquette started from Mackinac to find the great river. Jogues would most likely have attempted it had he been spared. In fact, as we see in Le Jeune's *Relation* of 1636, all the missionaries were eager to find the river. But Jogues never returned to Lake Superior. As will appear later, he was captured by the enemy and killed on the far-off Mohawk. But it is more than likely that by securing the good-will

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of the savages of those parts he made it possible for the great Marquette to be a missionary without being a martyr. It is very pleasant to meet in *Picturesque America* a description of this scene.

"Two hundred and thirty-two years ago," says the writer, "the first white man stood on the shores of Lake Superior. Before him was assembled a crowd of Indians—two thousand Ojibways and other Algonquins—listening with curiosity to the strange tidings he brought, and in some instances allowing the mystic drops to be poured on their foreheads; for, like all the first explorers of the lake country, this man was a missionary. Only religious zeal could brave the wilderness and its savages, cold and hunger, torture and death, for no hope of earthly reward, for no gold mines, for no fountain of youth, but simply for the salvation of souls. And whatever posterity may think of the utility of their work, it must at least admire the courage and devotion of these Fathers, who, almost without exception, laid down their lives for the cause. What can a man do more? Five years later came the turn of this first white man of Lake Superior, murdered by the Indians in the forests near the Mohawk River."



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CHAPTER II

THE CAPTURE

The two explorers paddled rapidly back to Georgian Bay to announce the good news and to prepare for the great enterprise, but Raymbault was in a dying condition from hunger and exposure, and someone had to go with him to Quebec, where possibly his life might be saved. Incidentally also the mission had to lay in supplies, for nothing had come from below for three years. Who would attempt the perilous journey? Jogues maintained that he could be most easily spared, though no one shared that view with him, and he succeeded in persuading his superiors to let him make the attempt. A thousand miles intervened between the River Wye and Quebec, and at every moment there was a menace of death from dangerous cataracts or wild beasts or prowling Iroquois. But they reached Quebec in safety, though with much suffering, and there Raymbault soon breathed his last. He was the first Jesuit to die in Canada. He was buried by the side of Champlain; but the exact spot where the priest and the soldier were laid the people of Quebec cannot tell you to-day.

Jogues was successful in obtaining supplies, and he set out on his return journey with his canoes well packed with provisions. With him were about forty persons; one a famous Huron chief, Teondechoren, who was thought to bear a charmed life, so often had he escaped injury in battle; another a former sorcerer, Ahitsasteari, who had become a Christian, and was now as pious as he had formerly been wicked. René Goupil and William Couture, two *donnés* or laymen who for religious motives had devoted themselves to the help of the missionaries, also made part of the convoy; and finally Theresa, an Indian girl, who had been educated by the Ursulines of Quebec, and who was now

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unwillingly leaving her beloved nuns and returning to her country to assist by her piety and knowledge in spreading the faith. She is to disappear in the forests, only to be found again just before Jogues' martyrdom.

Knowing the dangers that confronted them, the Governor offered the convoy a detachment of soldiers, but the Indians, who never appreciate danger until the enemy appears, indignantly refused all help. They were able to take care of themselves. But they were only a day's journey beyond Three Rivers, which they had left on August 1, 1642, when a suspicious trail revealed itself. The great chief said haughtily: "If it is the trail of friends there is no fear; if it is an enemy's we are strong enough to conquer"; but a war-whoop and a volley of musketry soon told another story. They were ambushed by almost twice their number. There were seventy Mohawks in all, and significantly enough they were led by a Huron apostate. Regardless of the danger and thinking only of baptizing one of the Indians whom he had been instructing, Jogues addressed himself to that task while the battle was raging, and when he rose from where he had been kneeling he found the greater number of his Hurons in flight, and those who had held their ground already in the hands of the enemy. What should he do? He was as fleet of foot as any Indian and could have escaped if he wished. But before his eyes he saw his beloved René Goupil and some of his Huron Christians bound hand and foot, and the thought of deserting them never entered his mind. To the amazement of the Indians he strode out from his concealment and stood beside them. It is worth noting that the one who made the most splendid fight in this encounter was Goupil. When nearly every one had fled he remained almost alone facing the whole host of enemies and fighting fiercely. The fact is worth remembering, for there is such stress laid on his piety and gentleness that we are prone to fancy him as timid and shrinking and somewhat feminine in his disposition, and

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not the heroic fighter that this occasion showed him to be. Jogues describes him as "a man of remarkable intrepidity."

The deep affection with which the priest was regarded by the rest of the company revealed itself as the battle was ending. Couture was well out of reach when he discovered that the Father was not with him. He deliberately turned back, though he had to fight his way through a crowd of Iroquois, who almost cut him to pieces in his effort to reach the side of Jogues. The "invulnerable" Huron chief, who had taken to flight, came back of his own accord also, though he knew it meant torture and a horrible death.

It was while embracing and consoling Couture, who was brought in covered with blood, that Father Jogues was felled to the earth by the sticks and clubs of the Iroquois. He awoke to consciousness only to find two savages gnawing his fingers off with their teeth. As the battle was now over, the captives were flung into canoes, and the party hurried up the stream to where the Sorel or Richelieu flows into the St. Lawrence, but not before they had cut a record of their exploit on the trees of the forest. The exact spot where the battle was fought has been forgotten.

Nothing more disastrous could have happened to the missions than this capture of Jogues. "Had we received those supplies," wrote Father Le Mercier, "we could have held out indefinitely." But of course Jogues was not responsible. He knew too well the needs of his brethren and the advantage of having soldiers as protectors on that perilous journey, and he had seen too many an example of the foolish self-reliance of the Hurons. But the "invulnerable" chief had decided, and the ruin of all the missions of the Northwest was only a matter of time.

Their course lay up the Richelieu to Lake Champlain and Lake George and over to the Mohawk. As they hurried along they were beaten with sticks and clubs; their wounds were torn open by the long nails of the Indians; they were

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refused food and drink, and at night were picketed to the earth to prevent their escape.

The traveler on Lake Champlain to-day is shown an island which the State has set aside as a government reservation. It is marked Jogues Island. It is thought to have been the scene of the occurrences which Jogues describes at this stage of his journey. A number of braves on the warpath had halted there awaiting the raiders, and their thirst for blood had to be satiated by the usual savage pastime of the gauntlet. "We were made to go up the slope from the shore between two lines of savages armed with clubs and sticks and knives," writes Jogues. "I was the last, and blows were showered on me. I fell on the ground and I thought my end had come, but they lifted me up all streaming with blood and carried me more dead than alive to the platform." The usual tortures of gashing and stabbing and beating and burning and distending followed. More joints of the martyr's fingers were gnawed or burned off, and at one time he was on the point of consecrating that island of Lake Champlain by a horrible death at the stake. The torture was drawing to an end, and a huge savage stood above him with a knife to slash the nose from his face—the usual prelude of death by fire. Jogues looked at him calmly, and, to the surprise of all, the executioner strode away. Again the effort was made with the same result. Some unseen power averted death at that time. His martyrdom was to be more protracted, and at another place.

From there they resumed their journey, stopping, however, to repeat the sport whenever a new band was met with. It took them till the tenth of August to reach the southern end of Lake George; and then for four days the wretched captives dragged themselves along the trail which passes by what is now Saratoga, bleeding and famished, supporting their miserable life by the fruit or berries they could pluck from the trees or the roots they could dig up in the woods. They were loaded meantime with heavy

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packs, and beaten when they faltered or fell on the road. On the eve of the Assumption, August 14th, 1642, they arrived on the north bank of the Mohawk, opposite the village of Ossernenon, a little above where the Scholiarie Creek flows into the river.

A conch-shell, an instrument usually reserved for religious rites, announced their coming, and men and women and children swarmed down to the river bank to give the victims a savage welcome. It was the gauntlet again, and the miserable line moved up the steep ascent; Jogues, as usual, coming last. "I saw René in front of me," he afterwards wrote: "he fell, horribly mangled and covered with blood; not a spot of white was visible as he was dragged to the place of torture." But while grieving for his friend and forgetting his own pitiable state, he himself was struck by a huge ball of iron in the middle of the back, and fell gasping on the pathway. He struggled to his feet and followed the procession to the platform, where the usual horrors of such performances were carried out in all their details, till darkness brought them to an end. But even then their sufferings were not over, for they were pinioned to the earth and given over to the boys of the camp, who amused themselves the greater part of the night by sticking knives and prongs into the victims, and heaping coals and hot ashes upon their naked bodies to see them writhe in agony. Jogues narrates that René's breast was a pitiable sight after this torture. He does not allude to his own condition, except to say that he was more fortunate in being able to throw off the burning coals.

One incident occurred, on this first day at Ossernenon, which is worthy of special notice, as illustrating the wonderful self-control of the great martyr. A captive Indian woman, a Christian, and chosen no doubt for that reason, was compelled, under menace of death, to saw off with a jagged shell the thumb of the priest. She complied, though horror-stricken; and when it fell on the ground, Jogues

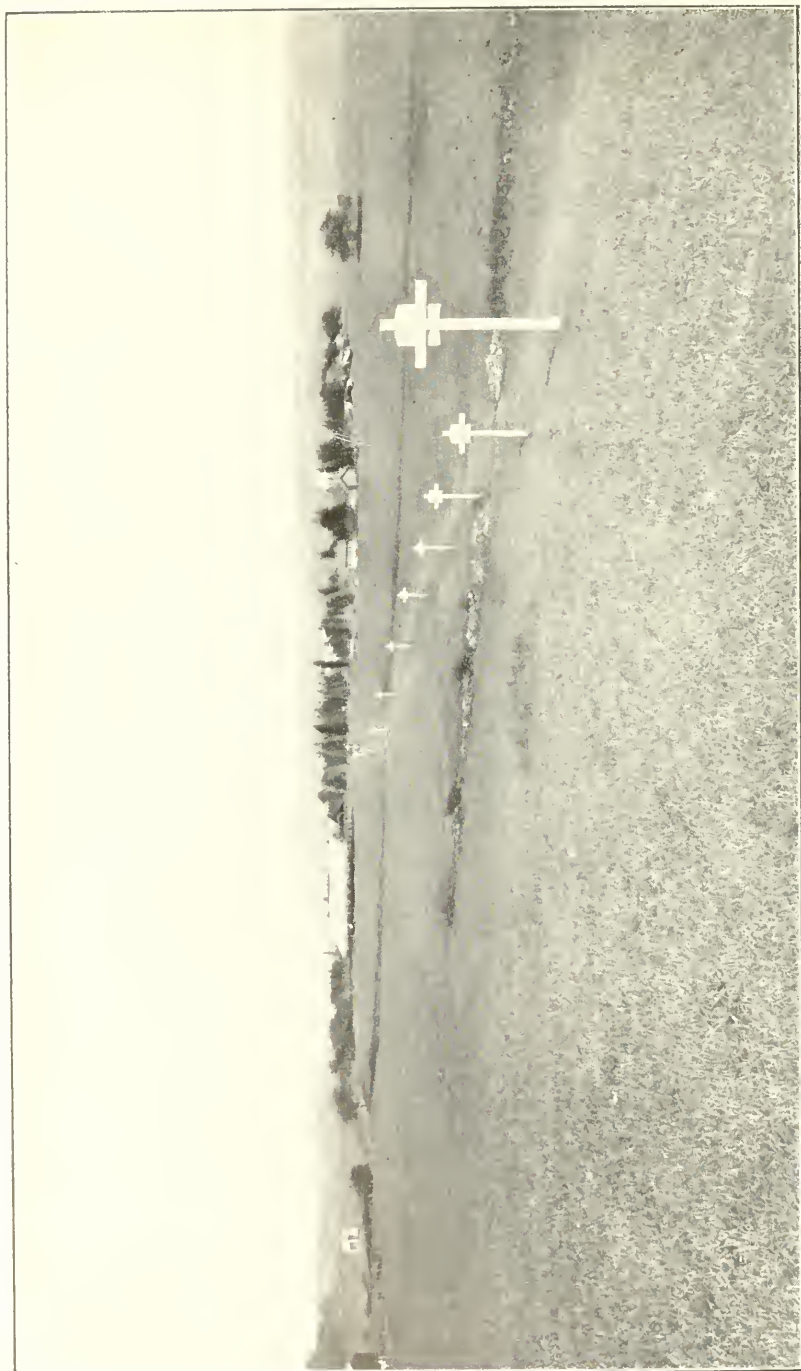
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picked it up, and, as he himself humbly says, "I presented it to Thee, O my God! in remembrance of the sacrifices which for the last seven years I had offered on the altars of Thy Church and as an atonement for the want of love and reverence of which I have been guilty in touching Thy Sacred Body." "Throw it down," whispered Couture, at his side, "or they will make you eat it." He cast it aside, and possibly some prowling dog of the camp devoured it. It would be hard to find a parallel for such an act in the annals of the martyrs.

The next day the tortures were repeated, and then the neighboring villages of Andagarron and Tionnontoguen, the first about seven, the second fifteen miles to the west, had to be regaled in similar fashion, until the ferocity of the savages was sated.

By this time the other captives were either killed or sent elsewhere among the tribes; Jogues and Goupil alone remained. It had been decided first to burn them at the stake; other counsels, however, prevailed, and they were brought back to Ossernenon. On the seventh of September the news of their capture had reached Fort Orange, and the Commandant, Arendt van Corlear, in person, accompanied by Jean Labatie and Jacob Jansen, came to arrange for their ransom. But the news had arrived that the war party which had tortured Jogues on Lake Champlain had been badly beaten at the fort which Montmagny had hastily thrown up at the mouth of the Richelieu after the capture of Jogues. Furious with rage on that account, they would not give up the prisoners. Once again there was question of the stake.

Soon afterwards, Goupil was killed for making the sign of the cross on the head of a child. It occurred when the lonely captives were returning to the village reciting their beads. A savage stole up behind them and buried his tomahawk in the skull of Goupil, who fell on his face uttering the Holy Name. Jogues seized him in his arms, gave him



THE HILL OF PRAYER

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the last absolution, and then waited his own turn, but the victim was torn from his embrace, and two more blows by the murderer ended the work. "Thus," says Jogues, "on the twenty-ninth of September, this angel of innocence and martyr of Jesus Christ was immolated in his thirty-fifth year, for Him who had given His life for his ransom. He had consecrated his heart and his soul to God, and his work and his life to the welfare of the poor Indians."

The scene of this tragedy, as far as can be made out from the indications left by Father Jogues, is somewhere along the line of crosses that have been recently erected at Auriesville. They are on what is called the Hill of Prayer; that is to say, the slope which the two captives were descending when the Indian interrupted their recital of the beads by the blow of his tomahawk.

The next morning Father Jogues started out to find the corpse of his friend, but was prevented from going on with the search. On the following morning, however, in spite of threats to kill him, he set out with an Algonquin and discovered the remains in the stream at the foot of the hill. The body had been given to the boys of the village, who had stripped it and dragged it there for sport. It was already partially eaten by the dogs. All that he could do at the time was to hide it deeper in the stream, intending to return later to give it burial. Two days passed and he was still unable to carry out his purpose. When he sought it again it was gone. His description of this search reads like a threnody:

"I went to the spot where I had laid the remains. I climbed the hill at the foot of which the torrent runs. I descended it. I went through the woods on the other side; my labor was useless. In spite of the depth of the water, which came up to my waist, for it had rained all night, and in spite of the cold, I sounded with my feet and my staff to see whether the current had not carried the corpse further off. I asked every Indian I saw whether he knew what had become of it. Oh! what sighs I uttered and what tears I

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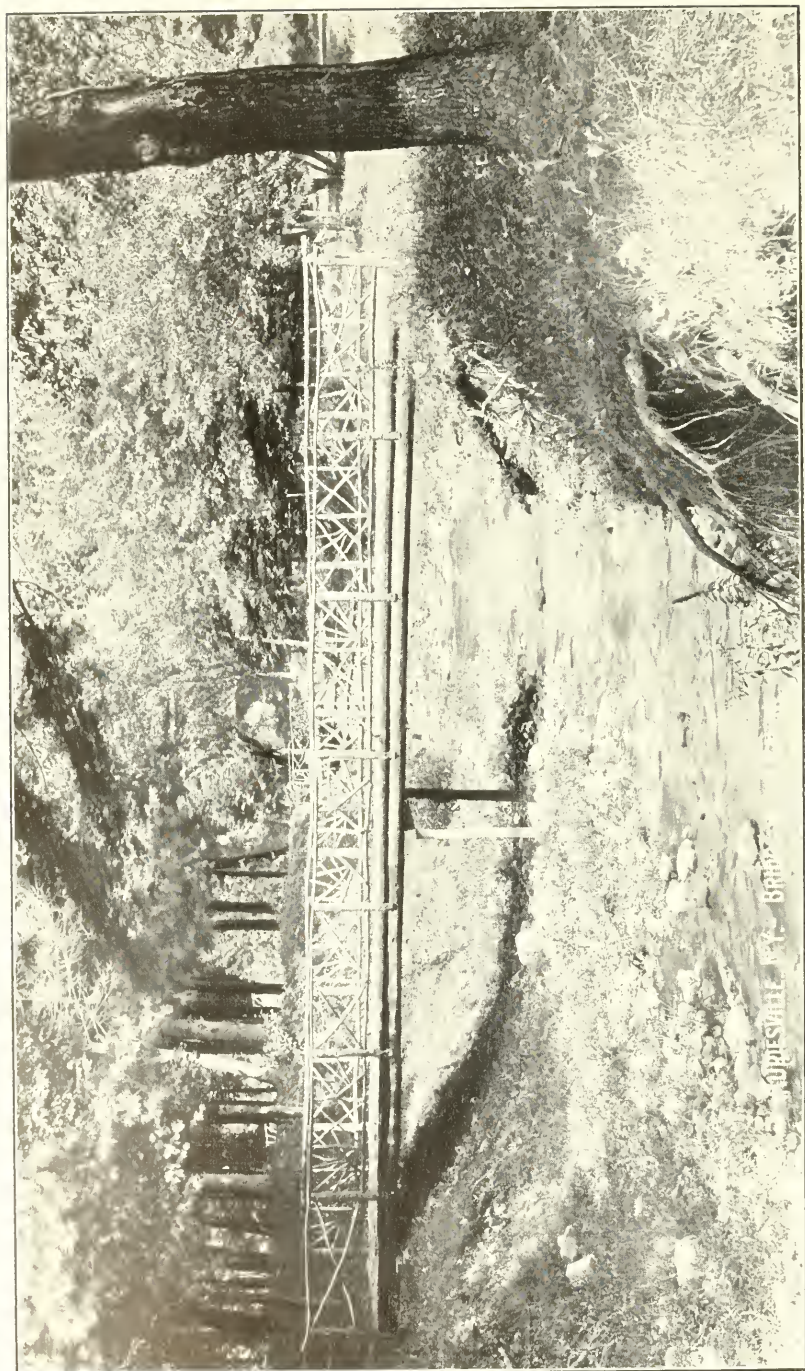
shed to mingle with the waters of the torrent, while I chanted to Thee, O my God! the psalms of Holy Church in the Office of the Dead."

After the thaw he found some bones, and the skull, which had been crushed in several places.

"I reverently kissed the hallowed remains and hid them in the earth, that I may one day, if such be the will of God, enrich them with a Christian and holy ground. He deserves the name of martyr not only because he has been murdered by the enemies of God and His Church while laboring in ardent charity for his neighbor, but, more than all, because he was killed for being at prayer, and notably for making the sign of the cross."

The exact place that holds the remains of this illustrious man whose brief career was so apostolic, and at the same time so romantic, has never been identified. Perhaps it may be God's will to reveal it at some future time, so that a fitting memorial might mark the spot where the heart-broken Father Jogues knelt weeping over the body of his friend.

Nowadays the ravine where this tender and pathetic parting of the friends took place is the favorite spot at Auriesville for the throngs of people who gather there for the annual pilgrimage. At the end of the day they wend their way in solemn procession down the steep incline to this wooded hollow through which rushes the creek which once covered the body of Goupil. The stream is boisterous and full in the early spring, but almost dry in the heat of summer. Here and there rustic bridges span it. At one end of the glen a high wall of rocks, from which great trees protrude, rises sheer above you. At its base is a pulpit made of the trunks and branches of trees. There the pilgrims gather for the concluding ceremonies and to listen to the words of counsel and exhortation, or the repetition of the tragic story of the past. The perpendicular cliff behind sends the words of the preacher far into the lonely



BRIDGE AT BRIDGE

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woods around, which almost seem to awe the listening multitude to silence. Beyond the creek a thick cluster of pines rises above a huge boulder, which serves as an altar, and when the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given there, the glimmer of the lights in the deep shadow of the pines, the robes of the priests, and the scarlet and white of the acolytes, with the kneeling multitude beyond the stream bowed in silent adoration as the Sacred Host is lifted above their heads, while no sound is heard in the densely peopled solitude save the tinkling of the bell and the lapping of the waves on the rocks, you have a picture that can never be effaced* from your memory. How different is all this from the terrible twenty-ninth of September of long ago!

When Goupil was dead Jogues was alone, and began his awful captivity of more than a year, each moment of which was a martyrdom. In the *Relation* which his Superiors commanded him to write he has left us a partial account of the horrors he endured. Employed in the filthiest and most degrading occupations, he was regarded with greater contempt than the most degraded squaw of the village. Heavy burdens were heaped on his crippled and mangled shoulders, and he was made to tramp fifty, sixty and sometimes a hundred miles after his savage masters, who delighted to exhibit him wherever they went. His naked feet left bloody tracks upon the ice or flints of the road; his flesh was rotting with disease, and his wounds were gangrened; he was often beaten to the earth by the fists or clubs of crazy and drunken Indians; and more than once he saw the tomahawk above his head and heard his death sentence pronounced. The wretched deerskin they permitted him to wear was swarming with vermin: he was often in a condition of semi-starvation as he crouched in a corner of the filthy wigwam and saw the savages gorging themselves with meat, which had been first offered to the demons, and which he therefore refused to eat, though his

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savage masters raged against this implied contempt of their gods. According to General Clark, that refusal to recognize the Indian deity was the determining cause of Jogues' death. But over and above all his bodily agony, his sensitive and holy soul was made to undergo a greater torture by the sight of the shameless moral turpitude of the savages and the awful spectacle thrust upon him as they roasted and devoured their captives.

Meanwhile he was baptizing what dying children he could discover, and comforting the Huron captives who were brought into camp, sometimes even at the risk of his life rushing into the flames to baptize them as they were burning at the stake.

The wonder of it all is how human endurance could be equal to such a strain. Indeed only the help of supernatural grace can explain how he did not die or lose his mind. That God gave him such assistance there is no doubt, for we find in the record he has left that he spent hour after hour kneeling in prayer in the deep snow of the forest, protected from the wintry blast of the storm only by a few pine branches. The Indians looked with terror at the cross which he used to cut in the trunks of trees, and took his prayers for incantations, often threatening to kill him when he was so engaged. We learn that he was at times favored with heavenly visions during that long martyrdom. He heard the songs of angels above the roar of the tempest; he saw the palisaded town transformed into a celestial city, and beheld the Divine Master as a King in royal robes. Besides these supernatural consolations, he had a human comforter also; a poor old squaw in whose cabin he lived and whom he called his "Aunt." She would try in her rude way to heal his wounds; would weep over them when she could not succeed; and invariably warned him of any danger that she happened to hear of. We do not know if he converted the poor old creature. We cannot help thinking that he did.

There is another touching incident of rewarded affection

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that occurred during his journeys. He once stumbled into a miserable cabin where he found a dying Indian. "Do you not know me?" said the sufferer. "It was I who cut you down when you were suspended by ropes at Ossernenon and were just about to die." God evidently rewarded the poor wretch for this act of humanity. He received baptism before he expired. No doubt also a poor squaw whom he saved from a furious torrent, plunging in to save her and her babe while the Indians looked on apathetically, must have done her best to repay him.

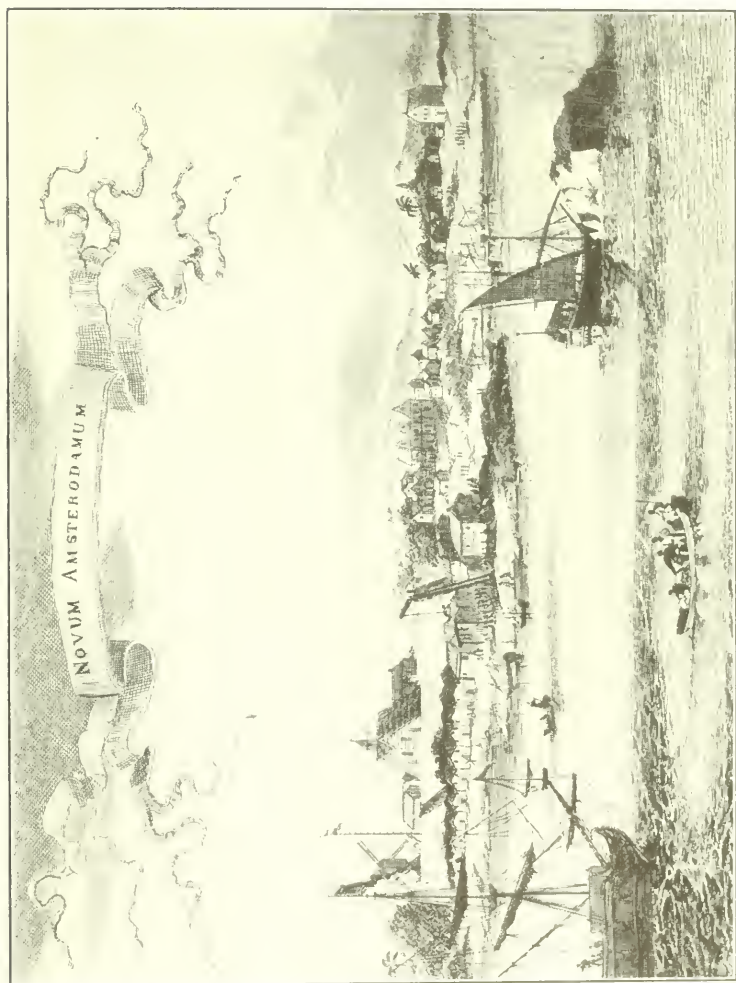
Month after month dragged on, and repeated efforts were made to purchase him from the Mohawks. Even the Sokokis of distant Maine, who had been well treated by the French, came to intercede for him. In fact he tells us himself that he might have escaped, but could not find it in his heart to do so while there were any Christian captives to whom he might be of service. His baptisms that year, he informs us, amounted to seventy altogether, all, of course, of persons at the point of death. It is New York's first baptismal record. Unfortunately we have only the number, not the names.

CHAPTER III

THE ESCAPE

Jogues had been a captive for thirteen terrible months, when an event occurred which seemed to announce his doom. About a year after his arrival on the Mohawk, namely, on June 30, 1643, he had secured a scrap of paper, and, with full knowledge of the danger, sent a letter to Montmagny informing him that the Mohawks were about to make a raid on Fort Richelieu. A Huron who had been adopted by the Iroquois carried the missive. The garrison was warned in time and the Indians were repulsed. They must have known of the letter, for instead of fixing it somewhere on the trail the Indian entered the fort with it, an act which must have been witnessed by his associates. Naturally they attributed the failure of their expedition to Jogues and sullenly returned to their town. It is this action of the missionary that serves as the basis of the charge that he was really not put to death for the Faith, but only in punishment for this "treachery."

To this the answer is plain. In the first place, he was not put to death then. Consequently the feelings of the Indians, at that time, can be eliminated as the motive of an execution which took place three years later, unless those same feelings persisted, wholly or in part; which was not the case. Secondly, it may be safely asserted, that even if he had been put to death then, he would have been a martyr of charity. To deliberately accept death in order to save one's brethren from being wantonly massacred by implacable savages led by an apostate Christian, is heroic virtue fully worthy of canonization. Let a prisoner in the hands of a civilized enemy do something similar to save his countrymen and he will be immortalized as the nation's hero. Thirdly, anyone acquainted with the code of Indian



NEW YORK AS SEEN BY JOGLES

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ethics knows that once wampum belts are exchanged, all causes of complaint, past and present, are obliterated. That was their recognized purpose. They were treaties of peace, and an Indian accepting them would not remember the murder of his own brother. We have notable examples of this in Indian history. It was even adopted by the whites themselves. Thus Kondiaronk, "The Rat," was made a captain of French troops, and was buried with unusual honors after having deliberately caused the most bloody massacre in all Canadian history. We have another instance in the case of Ouraouhara, the Iroquois, who after having been sent to the galleys in France was trusted by Denonville as his special envoy. Hence, when the presents were exchanged later on at Three Rivers, and Jogues was chosen as the ambassador of France, all past offences, real or imaginary, were not only condoned but forgotten, and had no influence whatever on subsequent negotiations. Moreover, he was killed not by the Mohawks as such—and they were the ones who had suffered harm—but by a few fanatics of the Bear family, in spite of the protest of the nation; and for no other reason than that he was a sorcerer who was making the *okis* and *manitous* of the Mohawks powerless. To die for that was to die for the Faith.

The Dutch were aware of his impending death, and a positive order came from Governor Kieft of Manhattan to the commandant at Fort Orange to secure his release at all risks. Consequently, when, a short time afterwards, Jogues arrived at the fort with his captors, the commandant insisted that he should escape, promising that if he once got on board the vessel which was lying in the river he would be landed safely in France.

To his amazement Jogues refused. He could not desert his post. He had written in that sense to his Superior in Quebec. The worthy and perhaps wrathful Dutchman remonstrated that it was throwing away his life uselessly. The Mohawks would not talk to him any longer about re-

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ligious matters, nor would they let him approach the Huron or other captives; and finally, he was made to understand that his death was not to be deferred, but was to take place as soon as he got back to Ossernenon. He listened to all this and then spent the entire night in prayer to consider what course was most in conformity with the glory of God and the good of souls. In the morning he presented himself to the commandant. He would escape and return again when peace was restored.

It was then arranged that during the night he should steal out of the place where he had been made to sleep among the Iroquois. A small boat would be waiting on the shore, and he could paddle to the ship whose sailors had sworn to defend him. All seemed easy except the first step. The structure which the Indians occupied with their prisoner was a wooden building about 100 feet long, one end of which was used as the house of a settler who had married a squaw; the rest being given over to the Indians. Going out at nightfall to explore the ground, the poor captive was nearly devoured by dogs, and was compelled to beat a hasty retreat to the cabin. The charitable Dutchman bandaged his wounds in a rough fashion, but the Indians, suspicious that something was going on, securely barred the door and lay down to sleep alongside of him. Hour after hour passed, and he heard the cock crow announcing the dawn. All hope was gone, when suddenly a door opened at the other end of the building and a white man appeared. Making signs to him to quiet the dogs, Jagues stealthily picked his way over the prostrate forms of the savages—he would have been tomahawked if he awakened them—and succeeded in getting into the open. It is characteristic of the man that before he began this race for life, he tucked somewhere in his miserable rags a wooden cross he had made, and two little books of devotion which he had found somewhere or other. There was a fence to be cleared. He clambered over it, and then running as fast as his mangled legs would

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allow, made for the river, reaching it in an exhausted state; but alas! the boat was high and dry in the mud. He cried out to the vessel in the stream, but no one heard him. The sailors were asleep. At last by superhuman efforts he got the boat into the water, and soon after he was climbing up the ship's side, a free man. He was more than welcome, but his happiness was brief. Furious at the escape of their prisoner, the Mohawks threatened to burn the settlement, but the commandant laughed at them. He knew perfectly well they would not dare to risk a war with the Dutch while they were fighting with the French. Nevertheless, for reasons hard to understand, Jogues was compelled to go ashore in the night, though the faithful sailors were loud in their condemnation of the act, and was hidden in one of the houses while the Indians were parleyed with, and finally induced to relinquish their claim on him by the payment of three hundred livres. But his whereabouts was kept secret for fear of his being tomahawked, and for six weeks he lay in a garret within a few feet of the Indians, who entered the house at pleasure. Often the slightest movement or a moan would have betrayed him. The ship, meantime, had departed, and the unhappy prisoner was subjected to the most brutal treatment by the boor into whose charge he had been given. Thus, for instance, he was nearly killed by lye water which was given him to drink. Had it not been for the kindness of the famous minister, Dominic Megapolensis, he would have died of ill-treatment and starvation.

The Dominic was a conspicuous character among the Dutch of Governor Kieft's time. He was more than kind in this instance, and an affectionate intimacy sprang up between him and Father Jogues; the priest laboring strenuously for his conversion, and the Dominic showing him every consideration. In fact he was so outspoken in praise of Jogues that he had to answer a charge before the Classis of Manhattan of being a Jesuit. His reply may be found

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in the New York State papers, indignantly repelling the accusation.

At last another vessel was ready to sail, and Father Jogues was conducted on board by the chief men of the colony, and he and the Dominie came down together to Manhattan Island. The crew were jubilant. They all loved and admired Jogues and "half-way down," he says, "they celebrated my release by stopping at an island which they called by my name, and gave evidence of their pleasure by the discharge of cannon and the uncorking of bottles." We have no more indication than that of what island it was that was "half-way down the Hudson," and that was christened in such a cordial fashion.

Frequent attempts have been made to locate this island, but so far no positive conclusion seems to have been reached. Possibly it is the one which is now known as Esopus Island. Thither the Jesuit novices from West Park used to go on holidays. They at least had no doubt that they stood on the holy ground where Father Jogues had been a couple of hundred years before. It lies in the centre of the stream; is about half a mile long, and possibly one hundred feet at its greatest width. At its southern extremity there is a cove which affords the only landing place from the river, the rest of the shore being somewhat steep and rocky and in one part, if you are a little fanciful, it may look to you like a fortification. Someone thought that the northern end had the appearance of a mackerel's tail, and that may have suggested the name of Fish Island, which at times serves to designate the place. But romance has also been busy weaving legends. Thus if you go over to the eastern side you will find an isolated and stunted pine, which is known far and wide as "Captain Kidd's Tree," and you may have to listen to all sorts of gruesome tales about how the bold buccaneer buried his treasures somewhere in the soil and left them to the care of the Prince of Darkness. It is curious that Captain Kidd

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and Father Jogues, who are poles away from each other morally, should meet on this little green spot in the Hudson.

After six days the ship reached New York, and the Governor gave Jogues a most honorable reception, seating him beside the Dominic at table, providing for his wants, and changing his ragged and half savage costume for a civilized dress. Naturally the presence of a priest and a Jesuit on Manhattan Island, especially with all the marks of his terrible sufferings upon him, caused a profound sensation among the colonists. They crowded around him to ask about his captivity, and it is narrated that, on one occasion, a young man fell at his feet and, kissing the mangled hands of the priest, exclaimed: "Martyr of Jesus Christ! Martyr of Jesus Christ!" "Are you a Catholic?" asked Jogues. "No, I am a Lutheran, but I recognize you as one who has suffered for the Master."

There were only two Catholics in New York at that time—one the Portuguese wife of the Ensign, who, singularly enough, had a picture of St. Aloysius in her room; the other an Irishman who had come up from Maryland. He gave Father Jogues intelligence about the Jesuits there and profited by the occasion to perform his religious duties.

The official documents of the State of New York have embodied Jogues' lengthy account of the colony as he saw it during the month he remained with his Dutch friends. He happened to be there just when a war was going on with the neighboring Indians, chiefly the Weckquaeskeek, eighty of whom had been killed in one encounter and sixteen hundred in another; but he merely mentions it without going into details. He would have been compelled to say harsh things about the Dutch. About the material condition of the colony he is more explicit. "Manhattan," he says, "is seven leagues in circuit, and on it is a fort to serve as a commencement of a town to be built there and to be called New Amsterdam." His practiced eye takes in the

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defects of the construction, and no doubt he compared it with the one he himself had built on Lake Huron. "It is at the point of the island. It has four regular bastions, mounted with several pieces of artillery. All these bastions and the curtains were in 1643 only mounds; most of them had already crumbled away so that it was possible to enter the fort on all sides. There were no ditches. The garrison for that and another fort further up consisted of sixty soldiers. The colonists were at that time beginning to face the gates and bastions with stone. Within the fort were a pretty large church, the house of the Governor, quite neatly built of brick, and also storehouses and barracks."

The Governor told him that there were people on the island speaking eighteen different languages. "No religion is practised publicly, but the Calvinist, and orders are to admit none but Calvinists; but this is not observed. There are in the colony, besides Calvinists, Catholics, Puritans, Lutherans, Anabaptists who are called *Mnistes*, etc." He describes the character of the river, the ships in the harbor, the exposed position of many of the settlers, the method of colonization, the climate, etc.; and then reverts to what he had seen further up the river at Fort Orange. "The settlement of the Rensselaers is a little fort built of logs with four or five pieces of cannon and as many swivels. The colony is composed of about one hundred persons in twenty-five or thirty houses which are built along the river. They are merely of boards, and thatched roofs, and with no masonwork except the chimneys."

It is not likely that Father Jogues left the narrow precincts of the colony during his month's sojourn on Manhattan Island, for naturally he would not expose himself to be captured by any prowling Indians who might have come down from the Mohawk in search of him. Nor did the colony itself afford much opportunity for going about. The houses were mostly clustered around Bowling Green. The market-place was there, and the Parade Ground, and "a

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popular store," as we are told in Valentine's "History of Broadway," which forms a part of *The Manual of the Common Council of New York for 1865*. The residence of the Provincial Secretary was close at hand, but what interests us most is that at the corner of what is now Morris Street and Broadway was the parsonage of Dominie Megapolensis. It is more than likely that Father Jogues lived during all the time he remained in Manhattan with the Dominie, who had always shown himself such a devoted friend and benefactor. The parsonage was probably built of brick as were most of the dwellings in that quarter, and in all likelihood it was still standing during the greater part of the succeeding century. In course of time it was sold to a relative of Governor Stuyvesant, Balthazar Bayard, who erected a brewery on the premises, not, however, facing the Parade Ground, but down near the river front. The present Morris Street was a lane which led to it. Bayard died in 1699, and in 1726 his heirs sold the estate to Augustine Jay, the ancestor of the well-known New York family of that name. The admirers of Father Jogues may thus give more than usual attention to that particular section of old New York.

The Dominie's full name was Johannes Megapolensis, Jr. He had been a Catholic up to the age of twenty-three. He himself gives us that information. He became a Calvinist, and was sent to New York when Kiliaen van Rensselaer asked for a minister to look after the spiritual affairs of the colony. He was liberally provided for; was given a free passage and board on the ship for himself, his wife and four children. A parsonage was to be erected for him in the colony, and he was to receive a salary of one thousand and ten guilders yearly, with an annual increase of two hundred and fifty guilders for three years. He was to be supreme arbiter in ecclesiastical matters, with the one limitation of the Patroon himself.

When he arrived in the colony no church edifice except what de Vries calls "a mean barn" had as yet been erected,

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though it was then 1642, and the Dutch had been there since 1614; so he had to preach his first sermon in a storehouse, where about one hundred persons were assembled. The church in the fort was then being built. It was seventy-two feet long, fifty-two broad, and sixteen feet high above the soil. We find in a letter of Kiliaen van Rensselaer that the people were in such a state that hardly any semblance of godliness and righteousness remained. "The worst crimes," says the Patroon, "were dishonesty, licentiousness and drunkenness." Indeed Bogardus, one of the predecessors of Megapolensis, frequently denounced the people of Manhattan for their "horrible murders, covetousness and other gross excesses."

The Dominie was a bitter antagonist of the Jews, and sent a protest to the Classis at Amsterdam against their admission into New Netherlands. His protest was accompanied by a similar document from Stuyvesant, who, like the Dominie, was fierce in his utterances on the same topic. Both documents make interesting reading, but could not safely be published at the present day.

Megapolensis was on familiar terms not only with Father Jogues, but later on he kept up a correspondence both with Bressani and Poncet, who also had been tortured at Auriesville. In 1654 Father Le Moyne came down from the Iroquois missions to New York, "on the invitation," says Megapolensis, "of the Papists living in Manhattan, and especially of some French privateers who had arrived in the port with a good prize."

Of course Le Moyne sought out the Dominie, but the report made of this visit by the latter does not reveal the same kindly feeling which his past relations with the Jesuit missionaries might lead one to expect, although Le Moyne was careful to assure him that he had not called to debate religion but only to chat. It was on this occasion that Le Moyne told the parson all about the salt springs and oil wells in Onondaga, but Megapolensis was incredulous and



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put it down as "a Jesuit lie." He referred the whole matter, however, to his ecclesiastical superiors in Holland.

Le Moyne spent eight days in New Amsterdam, and began negotiations with the Government for a commercial treaty between Canada and New Netherlands. He then went back to Fort Orange and from that place wrote the Dominie a long letter about the claims of the Church, sending at the same time three learned dogmatical treatises.

Evidently this communication irritated the Dominie. He wrote an equally long reply. The first ship that set sail from New Amsterdam to Canada carried this acrimonious rejoinder, but the *St. Jean*, as the ship was called, went to pieces on the rocks of Anticosti, and Le Moyne never read the diatribe. Megapolensis, however, had taken care to send a copy of it to the Classis of Amsterdam, for he was anxious to vindicate himself from the charge of being "a Jesuit." His kindly attentions to the missionaries had brought upon him that reproach.

The poor old Dominie had a sad ending. In August, 1664, four British frigates, carrying one hundred and twenty guns and five hundred British regulars, sailed into New York harbor. Stuyvesant had no more than one hundred and fifty soldiers. The fort was equipped with only twenty guns and the supply of ammunition did not amount to much. After considerable maneuvering two of the frigates sailed past the fort. Stuyvesant wanted to fight and the gunners stood with lighted matches ready to fire, but the colonists were averse to a struggle which they saw was foredoomed to failure. The Governor still hesitated when two ministers approached him. One was Dominie Johannes Megapolensis and the other was his son Samuel.

"Of what avail," said Johannes, "are our poor guns against the broadside of more than sixty? It is wrong to shed blood to no purpose!" Stuyvesant collapsed, and on September 3d the British flag was raised over the fort. When the news of the surrender reached Holland there

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was a storm of indignation. Stuyvesant and Megapolensis were forever disgraced, and the Directors of the West Indian Company issued the following protest:

"It is an act that can never be justified that the Director General should stand looking between the gabions whilst two hostile frigates pass by the fort and the mouths of twenty pieces of cannon, and give no order to prevent it; but, on the contrary, lending an ear to preachers and other chicken-hearted persons, allow himself to be led in from the bulwark between the preachers."

The Dominic wrote a defense of his conduct, and at the same time had the courage to ask for certain back payments due to him by the Honorable West Indian Company. The Honorable Company replied to his reverence that until he should give further satisfaction concerning the events at the surrender of New Netherlands to the English his salary would be withheld. Three years after that, Megapolensis complained to the Classis of Amsterdam as follows:

"The West India Company unjustly withheld two thousand florins owing me for salary and due to me before the change of government. I trust that God, who has hitherto taken care of me from my youth, when I relinquished Popery and was thrust out at once from my inherited estate, will henceforth take care of me during the short remainder of my life. I am now sixty-five years old and have been a preacher about forty years: twenty-seven years here and the remainder in North Holland."

The Dutch officials of New Netherlands wrote in his favor, but the Classis continued to frown on him. He was still a traitor in their eyes. He did not dare to return to Holland, and hence continued his work in New York. "Many come to hear me preach," he wrote. "They apparently like the sermons, but are not inclined to contribute to the support and salary of the preacher. They seem to desire that we should live on air and not upon produce." He died in New York on January 14th, 1670, friendless,

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poor, and with a blasted reputation. This was twenty-four years after he had gone up to the Mohawk to inquire into the murder of his friend, Father Jogues, to whom, after this long digression, we must now return.

After a month's sojourn in Manhattan, Father Jogues went on board the wretched little vessel which the Governor was hurrying to get ready to bring the news to the home government about the Indian aggressions, weighed anchor in the river. It was a bark of some say fifty, some say a hundred, tons burthen. It left the harbor of Manhattan on the 5th of November, so that in mid-winter, with thin and wretched clothing and with nowhere to rest his aching limbs but the deck on a coil of rope, or in the offensive hold, the poor sufferer was tossed on the waves of the Atlantic until the end of December, 1643, when, after frightful sufferings, the vessel entered the harbor of Falmouth, in Cornwall, hotly pursued by some of Cromwell's ships, for the rebellion against Charles I. was then in progress.

Left alone on the ship, he was robbed at the pistol's point of his poor belongings by marauders who were prowling about the port. Later on, a compassionate Frenchman whom he met on shore obtained a free passage for him across the Channel, on a dirty collier—a favor grudgingly accorded—and on Christmas morning, 1643, when the bells were ringing for Mass, he was flung on the coast of his native country somewhere in Brittany. The exact place cannot be identified from the indications which he has left. Some poor peasants saw the ragged and emaciated creature standing on the beach and fancied he was an Irish refugee escaping from the Cromwellians. Finding to their astonishment that he was a Frenchman and a priest, they gave him some decent wearing apparel and went with him to the church, where for the first time since his capture at Three Rivers he was able to go to confession and communion. The maimed condition of his hands precluded his saying Mass.

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It took him eight days after that to reach the College of Rennes, helped on his journey by some charitable soul who took pity on him. He arrived there early in the morning of the Epiphany, the 6th of January, 1644, and asked the porter to inform the Rector that he had news from Canada. Hearing the magic word "Canada," the Rector, though about to say Mass, laid aside his vestments and hurried to the door. "Do you come from Canada?" he asked of the dilapidated and ragged man before him. "I do," was the answer. "Do you know Father Jogues?" "Very well, indeed." "Is he alive or dead?" "He is alive." "Where is he?" "I am he," was the reply.

The amazement and joy of the household may be imagined as they crowded around him to embrace him, to kiss his mangled hands and kneel for his blessing. They led him to the chapel and intoned the *Te Deum*. The dead had come back to them.

The news of the missionary's return rapidly spread throughout France. Everyone was speaking of him; and the Queen Regent, Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis XIV, intimated her desire to see him, but was compelled to express her wish more than once before Father Jogues could be induced to be the subject of such public distinction. Who were present at the famous audience? We have no details about it, but we know that Condé and Turenne were then in their young manhood; that St. Vincent de Paul was chief almoner of the Queen, and that possibly they with many other of the most famous personages of the realm—for the interest in him was universal—may have been near the throne when, humbled and abashed, with his hands concealed in the folds of his cloak, he entered the royal presence. He replied very slowly and reluctantly to the various inquiries about his adventures and sufferings, and when at last he was compelled to throw back his cloak and tell of the hideous manner in which his fingers had been eaten or burned, the Queen, descending from her

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throne, took his hands in hers and, with tears streaming down her cheeks, devoutly kissed the mutilated members and exclaimed: "People write romances for us—but was there ever a romance like this? and it is all true."

Public exhibitions of this kind, however, were like Iroquois torture for Father Jogues. He became exceedingly sensitive about it, and those who called to see him were warned by the Superiors not to refer to his sufferings. He even refused to visit his own people. Apparently he did not see his "Honored Mother," though perhaps she was dead then. But what grieved him most was that, on account of the condition of his hands, he was forever debarred from saying Mass. His friends did not leave him long in that distress, but sent a petition to the Holy Father to remove the canonical impediment. The answer quickly came: "*Indignum esset martyrem Christi, Christi non bibere sanguinem.*" "It would be wrong to prevent the martyr of Christ from drinking the blood of Christ." It is noteworthy that this quasi-canonization was pronounced by Urban VIII, the very Pope who has laid down such stringent laws on the canonization of saints.

What his feelings were when this privilege came we do not know. He has left us a record about his first Mass in Canada. With regard to this first Mass on his return to France he is silent.

CHAPTER IV

DEATH

Naturally one would fancy that this battered warrior would now rest on the laurels which he had so nobly won. On the contrary, he was on board the first vessel that left France for America and he had plenty to do on the voyage. The sea was tempestuous, but a worse storm arose among the sailors. They were in mutiny, and had it not been for Jogues' ascendancy over them, the captain might have been tossed into the sea. The ship was thought to be unseaworthy, and the men insisted on turning back. Influenced, however, by the persuasive words of their holy passenger, they abandoned their purpose, and reached Quebec in June, 1644.

Maisonneuve was just then making his splendid fight behind the stockades of Montreal, and thither Jogues was sent, to keep up the courage of the defenders and help the sick and dying. Finally the Indians asked for a parley, and a conference was called at Three Rivers, for July 12, to arrange the terms of peace.

Among the Indians and wearing their dress was William Couture, the *donné* who had been captured with Father Jogues two years before. He had been adopted by the tribe and was now coming as its envoy. He never returned, however, to his Indian life, but settled down in Canada, married, and lived to the age of ninety.

The Council assembled under a great tent in the courtyard of the fort. In the most prominent place sat Montmagny; before him in the centre were the Iroquois deputies, while back of them stood the Algonquins, Montagnais, and Attikamegues; the Hurons and French being on either side. The chief orator was Kiotsaeton, who appeared covered with wampum belts, and very proud of his official position.



STATUE OF JOGUES AT DUNWOODIE

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His speech was a notable one, and those who wish to study Indian eloquence may find it in detail in the *Relations*, with comments by Father Vimont, who calls attention especially to the wonderful pantomime of this American Demosthenes. When he came to the fifteenth belt he walked up to Montmagny and presented it, saying that it was to wipe out the memory of the ill-treatment of Father Jogues. "We wished," he said, with splendid mendacity, not knowing that Jogues was listening to him, "to bring him back to you. We do not know what has become of him. Perhaps he has been swallowed up by the waves, or fallen a victim to some cruel enemy. But the Mohawks did not put him to death." Jogues merely whispered to his neighbor that the stake had been prepared all the same. Apparently he did not let himself be known, and when the treaty was made and the games and banquets began, he had already gone back to his work. He had seen too much of Indian revelry to be tempted to stay.

It was decided in the Council to send an ambassador to the Mohawks to obtain the assent of the tribe to the concessions made by the deputies. Every one thought of Jogues. He alone knew the language, and hence in due time he received a letter from his Superior assigning him to the task. The common of mortals will be thankful to him when they read in his letter that he confessed to a shudder when he learned of the appointment. Of course his official character as ambassador would protect him. But he was also a priest and the Iroquois knew it. In fact, the Christian Algonquins came to him to express their fear about his going, and advised him not to speak of the Faith in his first interview. "There is nothing," they said, "more repulsive at first than this doctrine, which seems to uproot all that men hold dear, and as your long robe preaches as much as your lips, it will be prudent to travel in a shorter habit."

This is the first example of the "clerical garb" difficulty

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in New York. It is at the same time a very valuable testimony as to why Jogues was put to death. When he appeared as a layman and an ambassador he was treated with honor, as we shall see; when he went immediately afterwards with his cassock and cross he was tomahawked, and he unwittingly precipitated the disaster by not adhering strictly to the advice of the Algonquins, and the Iroquois saw that his office of ambassador had not really done away with his priestly character. They discovered that while on this visit at Ossernenon he had secretly baptized some dying children and had heard the confessions of the captive Hurons. Evidently he had some other purpose besides that of making peace.

It took some time before the embassy started; for there was much squabbling between the French and Iroquois as to whether the Algonquins were included in the treaty, and for a moment there was imminent danger of all the negotiations coming to naught. In fact it was almost two years after the conference, namely, on May 16, 1646, that Father Jogues, accompanied by one of Canada's conspicuous colonists, Jean Bourdon, left Three Rivers with four Mohawk guides and two Algonquins. They reached Lake Andiatarocté, or what is now Lake George, on the 30th of May. Jogues had been there three years before, but he could not then have seen its beauty, as he lay bleeding and near to death in the bottom of an Indian canoe. But now, when he beheld it in all the splendor with which summer had clothed the woods in which it is embedded, and gazed around at the countless garden-like islands reflected on its surface, he gave it a name; one that was suggested by the day on which he found himself crossing its beautiful expanse. It was the eve of Corpus Christi, and for that reason he called it the Lake of the Blessed Sacrament. It kept that name for almost a century until shortly before the Revolution a Protestant Irishman, Sir William Johnson, to gain favor with the English king, changed it to Lake George.

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It is most unlikely that it will ever recover the beautiful designation given to it by the holy missionary, or even that Gilmary Shea's and Parkman's suggestion of changing Lake George to Lake Jogues will ever be carried out. But who knows? Incidentally, the name is a chronograph, for it recalls the day and year of the discovery.

The travellers did not take the trail by Saratoga, but swerved over towards the Hudson, to what is now Beaver Dam, then a fishing settlement of the Mohawks. There Jogues had the happiness of meeting the Indian girl Theresa, who had been captured at the same time as himself on the St. Lawrence. She had remained as good and pious in her savage surroundings as she had been in the nunnery at Quebec. Protected by an uncle for some time, she finally married a warrior of the tribe. Her delight at meeting Father Jogues may be imagined, and he made haste to tell her that his first care would be to purchase her freedom. The freedom indeed was granted, but its execution was never carried out; and we meet her again years afterward in the Onondaga country, where Father Le Moyne saw her and told his friends in Quebec of the wonderful holiness of her life. She never saw her own country again.

The embassy then proceeded down the Hudson, and passed through Fort Orange, or Albany, a familiar place for Jogues, who was glad to see and thank his old friends, and to reimburse them for the money they had expended on his release. On June 5 he reached Ossernenon after a three weeks' journey from the St. Lawrence. His arrival was the occasion of surprise and delight for his former captors. A council was held on the 10th, in which he was the principal orator. He assured his ancient enemies "that the council fires lighted at Three Rivers would never be extinguished." "Here," he continued, "are 5,000 beads of wampum, to break the fetters of the young Frenchmen you hold as captives, and 5,000 more for Theresa, that both may be set free." All the arrangements made at Three Rivers were

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acquiesced in, and the treaty was formally concluded. The Wolf clan were particularly attentive to him and made him a special present, saying: "You shall always have among us a mat to rest upon and a fire to warm you," a manifestation of friendship which shows that the tribe as such did not remember the incident of Fort Richelieu.

There were several Onondagas present, and Jogues made an earnest and successful effort to win their favor. He offered them presents, which they accepted, and he induced them to receive missionaries for their tribe. Of their own accord they indicated the safest way for these future apostles to travel, viz., not through the Mohawk country but by the St. Lawrence. It was this acceptance of the belts that enabled Le Moyne and his associates later on to announce the gospel among the Onondagas.

On June 16 the ambassadors left Ossernenon, going by trail to the Lake of the Blessed Sacrament, and reaching Quebec on July 3. Bourdon received valuable land grants as his reward for making the treaty. Jogues received the reward of death, for he asked immediately to return as missionary to the Mohawks. His request was long and seriously considered, for the bloodthirsty and unreliable character of the Mohawks was a matter of common knowledge. At last the petition was granted, and on September 27 he left Quebec for the Iroquois territory, his Superiors giving it on that occasion the name of "The Mission of Martyrs"; for said they, "It is credible if the enterprise succeed in effecting the salvation of this people, it will produce no fruit until it be sprinkled with the blood of martyrs." Evidently Father Jogues was convinced of it also, for on bidding farewell to a friend he wrote the memorable words: "*Ibo sed non redibo*"—"I go but I shall not return." The utterance is remarkable inasmuch as it did not mean that he was going to remain among the Mohawks indefinitely, for his instructions were merely "to winter" there. He did not even purpose to say Mass during this visit, and he brought no vestments with him.

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Was his fate revealed to him? Did he foresee what was to happen? The Venerable Marie de l'Incarnation declared that in her opinion his words were a veritable prophecy. Ordinary people will read that meaning into them also.

With him were some Huron guides and a *jeune garçon* named Lalande—a *donné* like Goupil, who wanted to die for the Faith. Before they reached Ossernenon the news came that the Mohawks had dug up the hatchet. A box which Jogues had left behind him had started the war.

Indeed on his previous visit he had been apprehensive of such an eventuality, for he had shown its simple contents to the Mohawks before he left, so as to allay their suspicions which he perceived were already aroused, and hence when the pestilence broke out, and the crops withered, the savage inference was rapid; viz., the evil came from the mysterious box; there was a *manitou* in it. They hastened to get rid of it, and threw it in the river. But that very delusion of theirs, fatal as it was, serves to establish beyond any doubt that their wrath was aroused against him, not because he was a white man, or a Frenchman, or a friend of the Hurons, or because he had revealed their plans to Montmagny, but solely and absolutely because his *manitou* had wrought them harm. That *manitou* in their eyes was Christianity, which was displacing their ancestral deities; and thus in the wilds of America they did precisely what the old Romans did when they strove to crush out the Christian "superstition." The conditions were identical in both instances.

As soon as his guides were apprised of what had happened they took to flight. But he kept on his way, though he might easily have saved himself by returning to Quebec. By his side walked the faithful Lalande. Two days more would have brought them to Ossernenon. He was at Lake George when the Iroquois met him. Approaching them they saw the sorcerer Ondessonk in his priestly robe. He was no longer an ambassador but a missionary, bent on teaching them the religion which they not only hated but which

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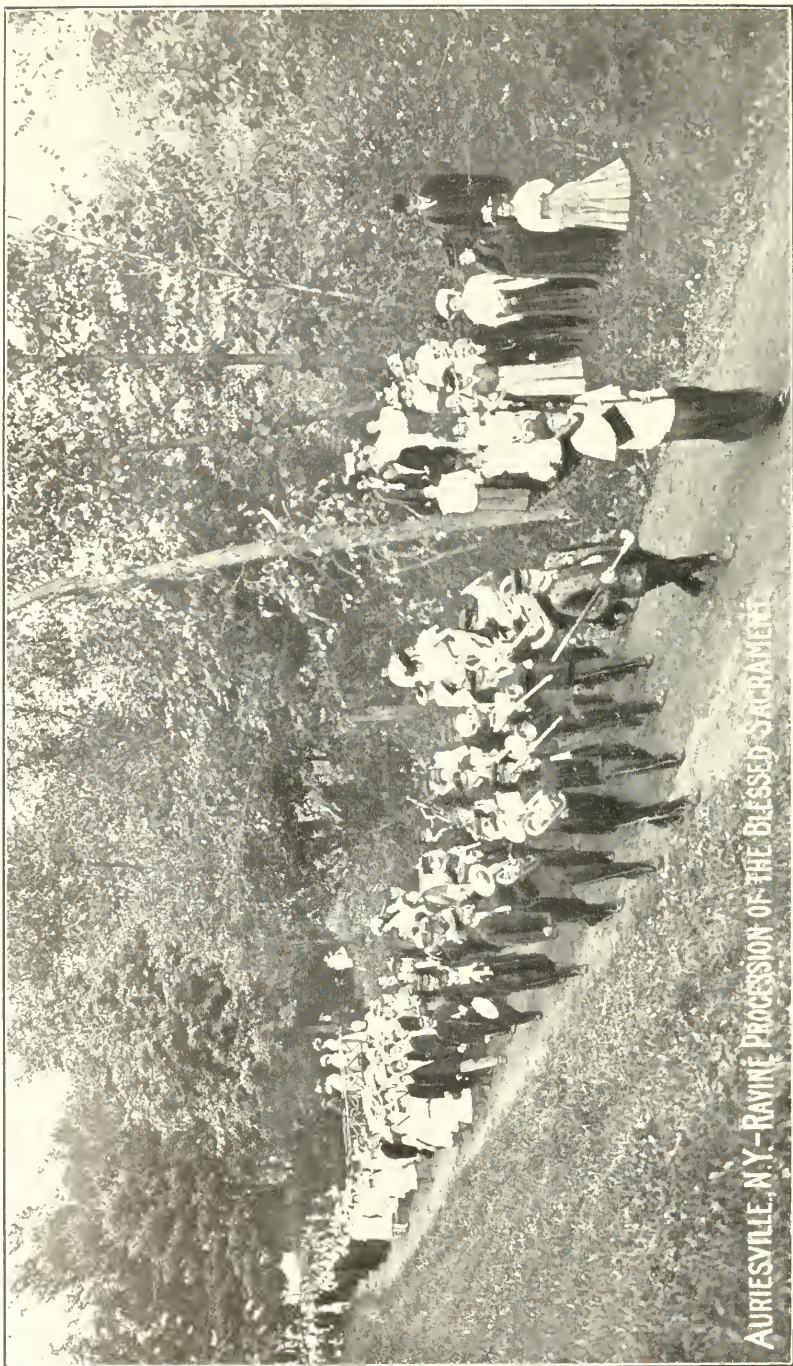
they were convinced had brought disaster on their nation, and they fell upon him, stripped him of his garments, slashed him with their knives, and led him, mangled and bleeding, to the very place where he had been so honored when in another capacity he stood there the summer before.

The old Jesuit associates of Jogues call attention to a very remarkable and almost startling parallel between this scene in the forests of the Mohawk and another memorable one in the streets of Jerusalem. Surrounded by his enemies, Christ asked: "Why do you wish to kill me?" and they answered: "Because you have a devil." To which He replied: "I have not a devil; but I honor My Father, and you dishonor Him."

Father Jogues could scarcely have been reflecting upon the import of the words that rose to his own lips when the Indian knives were slashing his body, but he uttered almost the same words as those of Our Saviour. "Let us see," said one of the savages as he cut off a strip of the victim's flesh, "if this white flesh is the flesh of a *manitou*." "No," he replied, "I am a man like you all. Why do you put me to death? I have come to your country to teach you the way to heaven, and you treat me like a wild beast." It was merely a difference of place. For the Iroquois, Jogues had a *manitou*, or devil; for the Pharisees, Christ had a devil also, and for that they put Him to death. The servant was indeed very like his Master.

A council was held at Tionnontoguen to decide what was to be done, and it is noteworthy that the famous Kiotsaeton, who had spoken so eloquently and so mendaciously in the peace conference at Three Rivers, was the priest's chief defender. Both the Wolf and the Tortoise family were against killing the victim, as were most of the Bears, and the official verdict arrived at was to spare his life. But one faction of the Bears clamored for his blood, and were determined to have it in spite of the reasoning and pleading of the rest of the tribe.

It is comforting to see, in the gloom and confusion of



AURIESVILLE, N.Y.—RAVINE PROCESSION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

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this last act of the tragedy, the sympathetic figure of the kind old squaw, Father Jogues' "Aunt," going around overwhelmed with grief, and begging piteously with tears in her eyes for her "nephew's" life. "Kill me if you kill him," she repeatedly said to his murderers. May we not hope that the faithful old "aunt" is now with her "nephew" in heaven? But she and the others failed. The Bears were bent on vengeance, and on the 18th of October they invited Jogues to a feast. What was to be done? To refuse was to be killed immediately as outraging hospitality. The messengers found him, crouching in a cabin nursing his bleeding wounds. He rose up and followed them. Those were his last steps on earth. They approached the wigwam, but behind the door stood an Indian with a tomahawk in his hand, and as Jogues stooped down to enter, the axe descended with a crash into his skull. His long and bloody battle had ended. They hacked off his head and fixed it on a stake of the palisade, and then flung the mangled body into the Mohawk, whose stream it sanctified.

"So died," says Ingram Kip, the Protestant bishop of California, "one of that glorious band that had shown greater devotion in the cause of Christianity than has ever been seen since the time of the Apostles; men whose lives and sufferings reveal a story more touching and pathetic than anything in the records of our country, and whose names should ever be kept in grateful remembrance; stern, high-wrought men who might have stood high in court or camp, and who could contrast their desolate state in the lowly wigwam with the refinement and affluence that waited on them in their earlier years, but who had given up home and love of kindred and the golden ties of relationship for God and man. *Ibo sed non redibo* said Isaac Jogues as he went for the last time into the valley of the Mohawk. He fell beneath the blow of the infuriated savage and his body was thrown to feed the vultures, whose shrieks as they flapped their wings above him was his only requiem."

His companion was killed on the following morning.

Rumors of the tragedy gradually reached Quebec, but all

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doubt was dispelled by an official letter of Governor Kieft, of Manhattan, dated November, 1646, to Montmagny: "I sent the minister of Fort Orange to find out the cause of the murder, and he could get no other answer than that the Father had left a devil among some articles confided to their keeping which had caused all their corn or maize to be eaten by worms." This letter of Governor Kieft is extremely precious, as there could be no more convincing testimony than that of a Protestant minister and a Protestant governor reporting officially on the cause of the crime. They put it beyond question that it was not a matter of politics, or race hatred, or of thoughtless savage fury. It was the loathing of what the Indians conceived to be Christianity. Just as in greater persecutions, the pretext was that its teachings brought disaster upon the country.

Independently of the nature of his death, the holiness of this wonderful missionary was of the most extraordinary kind. What he said of Goupil may be applied to him. "He was an angel of purity." His obedience was heroic and never faltered under any trial; the extent of his mortification is evident from his sufferings, which were not only accepted but sought; his spirit of prayer was uninterrupted, and of that higher kind to which visions are vouchsafed; his patience was boundless, his charity most tender even to the fiercest of his persecutors. "The only sin I can remember during my captivity," he told his spiritual friend and guide, Buteux, "was that I sometimes looked upon the approach of death with complacency"; an admission which will give ordinary saints a shiver.

Was his death a martyrdom? To be certain about that we must await the decision of the Church, but most people who read of his sufferings will agree with the Lutheran on Manhattan Island who went down on his knees and saluted him as a martyr; with the Queen of France who wept over his wounds, and with the Sovereign Pontiff himself who almost canonized him before his death. All of the Protestant historians, some of them ministers and bishops, give

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him that title; Catholic writers have no doubt about it; the Venerable Marie de l'Incarnation, who is so revered in Canada for her sanctity, reiterates it incessantly; the old missionaries who knew him, some of whom were subsequently martyrs themselves, had no hesitation in privately invoking his intercession; and the Plenary Councils of Baltimore and Quebec have asked for his canonization. Immediately after his death a tribunal was established to officially inaugurate the process, and the original documents containing the testimony given on that occasion have fortunately come down to us. In our own days the process has been resumed and the taking of testimony about the virtues and death of Jogues and the other martyrs of the Canadian missions was continued for more than a year. Meantime the place where he died has become a sanctuary. Ossernenon has become beautiful Auriesville, and every Sunday in the summer time thousands of devout people journey thither from hundreds of miles away to pray in the holy place which the great missionary consecrated by his blood. To conclude, it is abundantly clear that more than for any of the other missionaries, the cause of Jogues' death is freed from any possibility of its having been associated with political or race feeling. It was simply out of hatred of the cross, of dislike of his doctrinal teachings, and detestation of the Christian morality which he inculcated.

None of his relics have been found. His clothing, his breviary and missal were given to his friend Dominic Megapolensis. All traces of them have been lost, but as the Dominic died in New York it is just possible that these precious relics may some day be discovered. As to the place where the martyrdom occurred there can be no reasonable doubt that it is at what is known as Auriesville, on the south bank of the Mohawk just above the Schoharie.



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